

DIVINE  
POEMS:

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By EDMOND WALLER Esq;

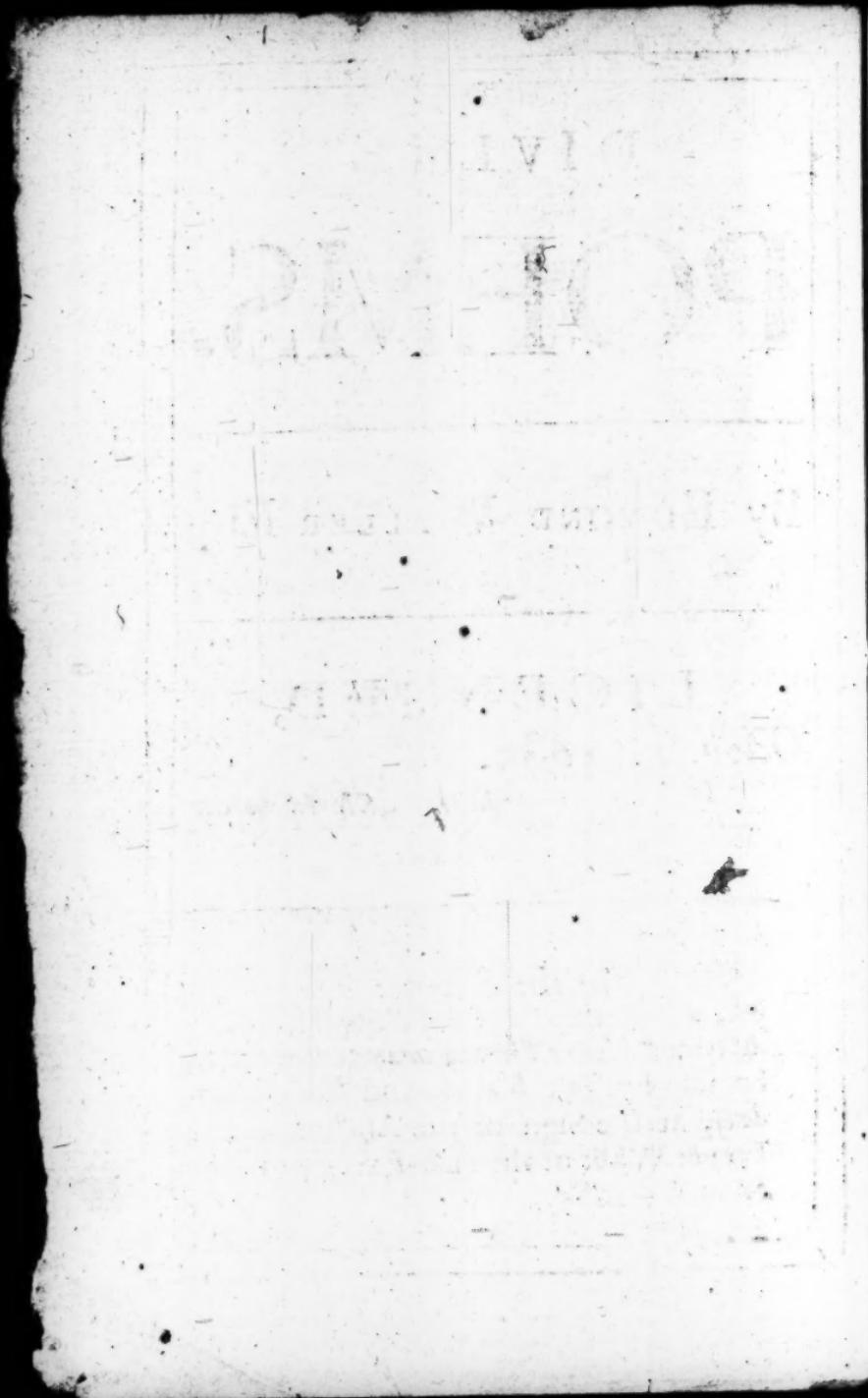
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LICENSED,  
*Oktob. 3. 1685.*  
*Rob. Midgley.*

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*In the Savoy :*

Printed for *Henry Herringman*; and are to  
be sold by *Jos. Knight* and *Fran. Saun-  
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Lower Walk of the *New-Exchange* in the  
*Strand.* 1685.



OF

# Divine Love.

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## 6. CANTO'S.

1. Asserting the authority of the Scripture, in which this Love is reveal'd.
2. The preference and Love of God to man in the Creation.
3. The same Love more amply declared in our redemption.
4. How necessary this Love is to reform Mankind, and how excellent in it self.
5. Shewing how happy the World would be if this Love were universally embrac'd.
6. Of preserving this Love in our memory, and how useful the contemplation thereof is.

A 2

CANTO

## C A N T O I.

The Grecian Muse has all their Gods surviv'd,  
Nor Jove at us, nor Phœbus is arriv'd;  
Frail Deities, which first the Poets made,  
And then invok'd, to give their Fancies aid !  
Yet if they still divert us with their Rage,  
What may be hop'd for in a better Age ?  
When not from *Helicons* Imagin'd Spring,  
But sacred Writ, we borrow what we Sing :  
This with the fabrick of the World begun,  
Elder than Light, and shall out-last the Sun.

Before this Oracle (like *Dagon*) all  
The false pretenders, *Delphos*, *Hammon*, fall ;  
Long since despis'd, and silent they afford  
Honour and Triumph, to th' Eternal Word.

As

As late Philosophy our Globe has grac'd,  
And rowling Earth among the Plannets plac'd,  
So has this Book intitl'd us to Heav'n,  
And rules to guide us to that Mansion giv'n :

Tells the conditions, how our Peace was made,  
And is our Pledge for the great Authors aid ;  
His Power in nature's ampler Book we find,  
But the less Volume does express his mind ;

This Light unknown, bold *Epicurus* taught,  
That his blest Gods vouchsafe us not a thought,  
But unconcern'd, let all below them slide,  
As fortune do's, or humane wisdom, guide.

Religion thus remov'd, the sacred Yoke,  
And band of all Society is broke :

What use of Oaths, of Promise, or of Test,  
Where men regard no God but Interest ?

What endless War would Jealous Nations tear,  
If none above, did witness what they swear ?

Sad fate of unbelievers, (and yet just,) Among themselves to find so little trust! Were Scripture silent nature would proclaim, Without a God, our falsehood and our shame, To know our thoughts, the Object of his Eyes, Is the first step, t'wards being good, or wise; For thô with Judgment we on things reflect, Our Will determines, not our Intellect; Slaves to their Passion, Reason men employ, Only to compass what they would enjoy; His fear, to guard us from our selves, we need, And sacred Writ, our Reason do's exceed; For thô Heaven shows the Glory of the Lord, Yet something shines more Glorious in his Word, His mercy this (which all his work excells) His tender kindness, and compassion tells, While we inform'd by that Celestial Book, Into the Bowels of our Maker look.

Love

Love there reveal'd, which never shall have end,  
Nor had beginning, shall our Song commend,  
Describe it self and warm us with that flame,  
Which first from Heav'n, to make us Happy, came.

## CANTO II.

The fear of Hell, or aiming to be Blest,  
Savours too much of private Interest;  
This mov'd not *Moses*, nor the Zealous *Paul*,  
Who for their Friends abandon'd Soul and all;  
A greater yet, from Heav'n to Hell descends,  
To save and make his Enemies his Friends:  
What line of Praise can fathom such a Love,  
Which reacht the lowest bottom from above?  
The Royal Prophet, that extended Grace,  
From heav'n to earth, measur'd but half that space;  
The Law was regnant, and confin'd his thought,  
Hell was not conquer'd, when that Poet wrote;

Heav'n was scarce heard of, until he came down  
To make the Region, where love triumphs, known;  
That early Love of Creatures yet unmade,  
To frame the World th' Almighty did persuade ;  
For Love it was, that first Created Light,  
Mov'd on the Waters, chac'd away the Night  
From the rude *Chaos*, and beslow'd new Grace  
On things dispos'd of, to their proper place ;  
Some to rest here, and some to shine above,  
Earth, Sea, and Heav'n, were all th' Effects of Love.  
And Love would be return'd ; but there was none  
That to themselves, or others yet were known ;  
The World a Palace was, without a Guest,  
Till one appears, that must excel the rest :  
One like the Author, whose Capacious mind,  
Might by the Glorious Work, the Maker find,  
Might measure Heaven, and give each Star a name,  
With Art and Courage the rough Ocean tame ;

Over

## *Of Divine Love.*

9

Over the Globe, with swelling Sails might go,  
And that 'tis round, by his experience know,  
Make strongest Beasts obedient to his Will,  
And serve his use, the fertile Earth to Till.

When by his Word, God had accomplisht all,  
Man to Create, he did a Council call ;  
Imply'd his Hand, to give the Dust he took  
A graceful Figure, and Majestick Look ;  
With his own breath, convey'd into his breast  
Life and a Soul, fit to command the rest,  
Worthy alone to Celebrate his Name  
For such a gift, and tell from whence it came ;  
Birds sing his Praises, in a wilder note,  
But not with lasting numbers, and with thought :  
Mans great Prerogative ; but above all  
His grace abounds, in his new favorites fall.

If he Create, it is a World he makes ;  
If he be ang'ry, the Creation shakes ;

From

From his just wrath our guilty Parents fled,  
He curst the Earth, but bruis'd the Serpents head,  
Amidst the storm, his bounty did exceed,  
In the rich promise of the Virgins seed ;  
Thô Justice death, a satisfaction craves,  
Love finds a way to pluck us from our Graves.

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*C A N T O III.*

**N**ot willing Terror should his Image move,  
He gives a pattern of Eternal Love ;  
His Son descends, to treat a Peace with those,  
Which were, and must have ever been his foes ;  
Poor he became, and left his Glorious seat,  
To make us humble, and to make us great ;  
His business here was happiness to give  
To those, whose malice could not let him live ;  
Legions of Angels, which he might have us'd,  
For us resolv'd to perish, he refus'd ;

While

## *Of Divine Love.*

II

While they stood ready to prevent his loss,  
Love took him up, and nayl'd him to the Croſs.  
Immortal Love, which in his Bowels reign'd,  
That we might be, by ſuch a Love constrain'd  
To make return of Love; upon this Pole  
Our Duty does, and our Religion rowle.  
To Love is to believe, to hope, to know,  
'Tis an Eſſay, a taste of Heav'n below.

He to proud Potentates would not be known,  
Of those that lov'd him, he was hid from none;  
Till love appear, we live in anxious doubt,  
But ſmoak will vanish, when that flame breaks out.  
This is the fire, that would consume our dross,  
Refine, and make us richer by the loſs.

Could we forbear dispute, and practice Love,  
We ſhould agree, as Angels do above;  
Where Love presides; not Vice alone does find  
No entrance there, but Vertues ſtay behind:

Both

Both Faith and Hope, and all the meaner train  
Of moral vertues, at the door remain ;  
Love only enters, as a native there,  
For born in Heav'n, it do's but sojourn here.

He that alone, would wise and mighty be,  
Commands that others Love, as well as he :  
Love as he Lov'd, how can we soare so high ?  
He can add wings, when he commands to fly :  
Nor should we be with this command dismay'd,  
He that example gives, will give his aid ;  
For he took flesh, that where his Precepts fail,  
His practice as a patterne may prevail ;  
His love at once, and Dread instructs our thought,  
As man he suffer'd, and as God he taught ;  
Will for the deed he takes, we may with ease  
Obedient be, for if we Love, we please ;  
Weak thô we are, to Love is no hard task,  
And Love for Love, is all that Heav'n do's ask :

Love

Love, that would all men just and temperate make,  
Kind to themselves, and others, for his sake,  
Tis with our minds, as with a fertile ground ;  
Wanting this Love, they must with Weeds abound ;  
Unruly Passions, whose effects are worse,  
Than Thorns and Thistles springing from the curse :

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## CANTO IV.

**T**O Glory man, or misery is born,  
Of his proud foe the Envy or the scorn ;  
Wretched he is, or happy in extreme,  
Base in himself, but great in Heav'ns esteem ;  
With Love, of all created things, the best,  
Without it more pernicious than the rest ;  
For greedy Wolves unguarded Sheep devour  
But while their hunger lasts, and then give o're ;  
Mans boundless Avarice his want exceeds,  
And on his Neighbours, round about him, feeds ;  
His

His Pride, and vain Ambition are so vast,  
That Deluge-like, they lay whole Nations waste ;  
Debauches and Excess, thô with less noise,  
As great a portion of Mankind destroys.

The Beasts and Monsters, Hercules opprest,  
Might in that Age, some Provinces infest ;  
These more destructive Monsters, are the bane  
Of ev'ry Age and in all Nations reign ;  
But soon would vanish, if the World were blest  
With Sacred Love, by which they are represt :

Impendent death, and guilt that threatens Hell,  
Are dreadful guests, which here with mortals dwel,  
And a vext Conscience mingling with their Joy  
Thoughts of despair, do's their whole life annoy :  
But Love appearing, all those Terrors fly,  
We live contented, and contended dye ;  
They in whose brest, this sacred Love has place,  
Death as a passage to their Joy embrace.

Clouds

Clouds and thick vapours which obscure the day  
The Suns Victorious beams may chase away ;  
Those which our life corrupt, and darken, Love  
The Nobler Star, must from the Soul remove ;  
Spots are observ'd in that which bounds the year,  
This brighter Sun moves in a boundless Sphear ;  
Of Heav'n the Joy, the Glory, and the Light,  
Shines among Angels, and admits no night :

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**CANTO V.**

**T**HIS Iron Age, so fraudulent and bold, (Gold,  
Toucht with this Love, would be an Age of  
Not as they fain'd, that Oaks should hony drop,  
Or land neglected bear an unsown Crop :

Love would make all things easy, safe, and cheap,  
None for himself, would either sow, or reap :  
Our ready help, and Mutual Love would yeild  
A nobler Harvest, than the richest Field ;

Famine

Famine and Dearth, confin'd to certain parts,  
Extended are, by barrenness of hearts;  
Some pine for want, where others surfeit now,  
But then we should the use of plenty know ;  
Love would betwixt the rich and needy stand,  
And spread Heav'n's bounty with an equal hand ;  
At once the givers, and receivers bless,  
Encrease their Joy, and make their sufferings les.  
Who for himself no miracle would make,  
Dispens'd with nature, for the peoples sake;  
He that long fasting would no wonder show,  
Made Loaves and Fishes; as they eat them, grow ;  
Of all his Power, which boundles was above,  
Here he us'd none, but to express his Love ;  
And such a Love would make our Joy exceed,  
Not when our own, but other mouths, we feed.

Laws would be useless which rude nature awe,  
Love changing nature, would prevent the Law;

Tygers,

Tygers, and Lyons, into Dens we thrust,  
But milder Creatures with their freedom trust;  
Divels are Chain'd, and tremble; but the spouse  
No force but Love, nor bond, but bounty, knows;  
Men, whom we now, so fierce and daing'rous see,  
Would Guardian Angels to each other be:  
Such wonders can this mighty Love perform,  
Vultures to Doyes, Wolves into Lambs transform.

Love, what *Israh* prophecy'd, can do;  
Exalt the Vatleys, lay the Mountains low;  
Humble the Lofty, the dejected raise,      (ways.  
Smooth, and make strait, our rough and crooked

Love, strong as death, and like it, levels all,  
With that possest, the great in Title fall;  
Themselves esteem, but equal to the least,  
Whom Heav'n with that high Character has blest.

This Love, the Center of our union, can  
Alone bestow compleat repose on man's

Tame his wild Appetite, make inward peace,  
And forrein strife among the Nations, cease;

No Martiall Trumpet should disturb our rest,  
Nor Princes arm, thô to subdue the East;  
Where for the Tomb, so many Hero's, taught  
By those that guided their Devotion, fraught;

Thrice Happy we, could we like Ardor have  
To gain his Love, as they to win his Grave!  
Love as he Lov'd, a Love so unconfin'd  
With arms extended would embrace Mankind,  
Self Love would cease, or be dilated, when  
We should behold, as many selfs, as men,  
All of one family; in blood ally'd,  
His precious blood, that for our ransome dy'd:

**CANTO VI.**

**T**H<sup>E</sup> Creation, so divinely taught,  
Prints such a lively Image in our thought,

GOD

That

That the first spark, of new Created light  
From *Chaos* struck, affects our present sight :

Yet the first Christians did Esteem more blest  
The day of rising, than the day of rest ;  
That ev'ry week, might new occasion give,  
To make his Triumph in their memory live.

Then let our Muse compose a Sacred Charm  
To keep his blood, among us, ever warm ;  
And Singing, as the Blessed do above,  
With our last breath, dilate this flame of Love.

But on so vast a subject, who can find  
Words that may reach th' Ideas of his mind ?  
Our Language fails, or if it could supply,  
What Mortal Thought can raise it self so high ?

Despairing here, we might abandon Art,  
And only hope to have it in our heart ;  
But though we find this Sacred Task too hard,  
Yet the Design, th' endeavour brings Reward ;

The Contemplation does suspend our Woe,  
And makes a Truce with all the Ills we know.

As *Saul's* afflicted Spirit, from the sound  
Of *David's* Harp, a present Solace found ;  
So on this Theame while we our Muse engage,  
No Wounds are felt, of Fortune, or of Age :  
On Divine Love to Meditate is Peace,  
And makes all care of meaner things to cease.

Amaz'd at once and comforted to find  
A boundless Pow'r so infinitely kind ;  
The Soul contending to that light to fly  
From her dark Cell, we practice how to dye ;  
Employing thus the Poets winged Art,  
To reach this Love, and grave it in our heart.

Joy so compleat, so solid and severe,  
Would leave no place for meaner Pleasures there ;  
Pale they would look, as Stars that must be gone,  
When from the *East* the Rising Sun comes on.

*Floriferis ut Apes in saltibus omnia libant,  
Sic nos Scripturae depascimur aurea dicta;  
Aurea perpetua semper dignissima vita.  
Nam Divinus Amor, cum capit vociferari,  
Diffugiant Animi Terrores: ——————Lucr.  
  
Exul eram, requiesq; mihi, non Fama petita est,  
Mens intenta suis ne foret usq; malis.  
Namq; ubi mota calent Sacra mea Pectora Musa,  
Altior humano Spiritus ille malo est.*

De Trist.



# Divine Poesie.

Two Canto's,

*Occasioned upon sight of the 53d Chap-  
ter of Isaia turn'd into Verse by*

*Mrs. Wharton,*

**C A N T O . I.**

**P**OETS we prize, when in their verse we find  
Some great employment of a worthy mind.

Angels have been inquisitive to know  
The secret, which this Oracle does show.

What was to come *Ishiah* did declare,  
 Which she describes, as if she had been there,  
 Had seen the Wounds, which to th' reader's view,  
 She draws so lively, that they Bleed anew.

As Ivy thrives, which on the Oak takes hold,  
 So with the Prophets may her lines grow old,  
 If they should dye, who can the World forgive?  
 Such Pious Lines! When wanton Sapho's live,  
 Who with his Breath his Image did inspire,  
 Expects it should foment a Nobler fire:  
 Not Love which Brutes as well as Men may know,  
 But Love like his, to whom that Breath we owe.

Verse so design'd, on that high Subject wrote,  
 Is the Perfection of an ardent thought:  
 The Smoak which we from burning Incense raise,  
 When we compleat the Sacrifice of Praise.

In boundless verse the Fancy soars too high,  
 For any Object, but the Deity.

VVhat

What Mortal can with Heav'n pretend to share  
In the Superlatives of Wise and Fair?  
A meeter Subject when with these we grace,  
A Giants habit on a Dwarf, we place.

Sacred should be the product of our Muse,  
Like that sweet Oyl, above all private use;  
On pain of Death forbidden to be made,  
But when it should be on the Altar laid.  
Verse shows a rich inestimable Vein,  
When drop't from Heav'n, 'tis thither sent again.

Of Bounty 'tis that he admits our Praise,  
Which does not him, but us that yield it raise,  
For as that Angel up to Heav'n did rise,  
Born on the Flame of *Manoah's* Sacrifice.  
So wing'd with Praise, we penetrate the Sky,  
Teach Clouds and Stars to praise him as we fly:  
The whole Creation, by our fall made groan,  
His Praise to Echo, and suspend their Moan.

For

For that he reigns, all Creatures should rejoice,  
And we with Songs supply their want of voyce,  
The Church Triumphant, and the Church below  
In Songs of Praise a present Union show:

Their Joys are full, our expectation long;  
In Life we differ, but we joyn in Song:  
Angels, and we, assisted by this Art,  
May Sing together, thô we dwell apart.

Thus we reach Heav'n, while vainer Poems must  
No higher rise, than Winds may lift the Dust.  
From that they spring; this from his breath that  
To the first Dust, th' Immortal Soul we have, Gave  
His Praise well sung, our great endeavour here,  
Shakes off the Dust, and makes that breath appear.

C A N.

**CANTO II.**

**H**E that did first this way of Writing grace,  
Converst with the Almighty face to face.

Wonders he did in sacred verse unfold,  
When he had more than Eighty Winters told:

The Writer feels no dire effects of Age,  
Nor verse that flows from so Divine a rage.

Eldest of Poets, he beheld the Light,  
When first it triumph'd o're eternal Night.

Chaos he saw, and could distinctly tell  
How that confusion into Order fell.

As if consulted with, he has express'd  
The Work of the Creator and his rest.

How the flood drown'd the first offending Race,  
Which might the figure of our Globe deface.

For

For new made Earth, so even and so fair,  
Less equal now, uncertain makes the Air:  
Surpriz'd with heat, and unexpected cold  
Early distempers make our Youth look old.  
Our Days so evil, and so few, may tell  
That on the ruines of that World we dwell.

Strong as the Oaks that nourish't them, and  
That long-liv'd Race did on their force rely, (high,  
Neglecting Heav'n: but we of shorter date,  
Should be more mindful of impendent fate,  
To Worms that crawl upon this Rubbish here,  
This Span of Life may yet too long appear,  
Enough to humble, and to make us great,  
If it prepare us for a Nobler seat.  
Which well observing, he in Numerous Lines,  
Taught wretched man, how fast his Life declines:  
In whom he dwelt, before the World was made,  
And may again retire, when that shall fade.

The

The lasting Iliads have not live'd so long,  
As his and *Deborah's* triumphant Song.  
*Delphos* unknown, no Muse could them inspire,  
But that which governs the Cœlestial Quire.  
Heav'n to the Pious did this art reveal ;  
And from their store succeeding Poets steal.  
*Homer's Scamander* for the *Trojans* faught,  
And swell'd so high, by her old *Kisbon* taught :  
His River scarce could fierce *Achilles* stay ;  
Hers more succesful, swept her Foes away.  
The Hoast of Heav'n, his *Phœbus* and his *Mars*,  
He Arms, instructed by her fighting Stars.  
She led them all against the common foe :  
But he misled by what he saw below,  
The Powers above, like wretched men, divides,  
And breaks their Union into different sides.  
The Noblest parts which in his *Hero's* shine,  
May be but Copies of that Heroine.

• *Homer*

Homer himself, and Agamemnon, she  
The Writer could, and the Commander, be.  
Truth she relates, in a sublimer strain  
Than all the Tales the boldest Greek could feign.  
For what she sung, that Spirit did indite,  
Which gave her courage, and success in fight.  
~~A double Garland~~ Crowns the Matchless Dame;  
From Heav'n her Poem, and her Conquest came.  
Thô of the Jews she merit most esteem:  
Yet here the Christian has the greater Theam.  
Her martial song describes how Sisera fell,  
This sings our Triumph over Death and Hell.  
The rising Light employ'd the sacred breath  
Of the blest Virgin, and Elizabeth,  
In Songs of Joy, the Angels sung his Birth:  
Here, how he treated was upon the Earth  
Trembling we read; th'affliction and the scorn,  
Which for our Guilt, so patiently was born.

Con-

Conception, Birth, and suffering, all belong  
Tho various Parts, to one Cælestial Song :  
And She, well using so divine an art,  
Has in this confort, Sung the Tragick part.

As *Hannah's* seed was vow'd to sacred use,  
So here this Lady consecrates her Muse.  
With like reward may Heav'n her bed adorn,  
With fruit as fair as by her Muse is born.

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*Of*

*Of the Paraphrase on the Lords Prayer,  
Written by Mrs. Wharton.*

Silence, you Winds, listen Ethereal Lights,  
While our *Urania* sings what Heav'n indites ;  
The Numbers are the Nymplis, but from above  
Descends the Pledge of that Eternal Love.

Here wretched Mortals have not leave alone,  
But are instructed to approach his Throne ;  
And how can he to miserable Men  
Deny Requests, which his own Hand did Pen ?

In the Evangelists we find the Prose,  
Which Paraphras'd by her a Poem grows ;  
A devout Rapture, so divine a Hymn,  
It may become the highest Seraphim ;  
For they like her in that Cœlestial Quire,  
Sing only what the Spirit does inspire.  
Taught by our Lord and theirs, with us they may  
For all, but pardon for Offences, pray.

Some

*Some Reflections of his upon the several  
Petitions in the same Prayer.*

I. **H**IS sacred Name, with reverence pro-  
found,

Should mention'd be, and trembling at the sound,  
It was Jehovah, 'tis our Father now,  
So low to us, does Heav'n vouchsafe to bow,  
Brethren to him that taught us how to pray,  
And did so dearly for our Ransom pay.

II. **H**is Kingdom come : For this we pray in vain  
Unless he does in our affections reign :

Absurd it were to wish for such a King,  
And not Obedience to his Scepter bring.

III. **H**is Will be done ; In fact 'tis always done,  
But as in Heav'n, it must be made our own :

C

His

His Will should all our Inclinations sway,  
Whom Nature and the Universe obey.

IV. It is not what our Avarice hoards up,  
Tis he that feeds us, and that fills our Cup,  
Like new-born Babes, depending on the Breast,  
From day to day we on his Bounty feast;  
Nor should the Soul expect above a day  
To dwell in her frail Tenement of Clay:  
The setting Sun should seem to bound our Race,  
And the new day a gift of special Grace.

V. That he should all our Trespasses forgive,  
While we in hatred with our Neighbours live;  
Though so to pray, may seem an easie task,  
We curse our selves when thus inclin'd we ask:  
This Prayer to use, we ought with equal care  
Our Souls as to the Sacrament prepare:  
The Noblest Worship of the Power above,  
Is to extol, and imitate his Love:

Nor

Not to forgive our Enemies alone,  
But use our Botinty that they may be won.

VI. *Guard us from all Temptations of the Foe,*  
And those we may in several stations know :  
The Rich and Poor in slippery places stand,  
Give us enough, but with a sparing Hand ;  
Not ill-perswading want, nor wanton Wealth,  
But what proportion'd is to Life and Health :  
For not the Dead, but Living sing thy Praife,  
Exalt thy Kingdom, and thy Glory raise.

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*Favete Linguis* —  
*Virginibus Puerisq; Canto, Horat.*

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F I N I S.